Numb. CXXVII.

The GUARDIAN.

Lusit amabiliter.

Thursday, August 6. 1713.

AN agreeable young Gentleman, that has a Talent for Poetry, and does me the Favour to entertain me with his Performances after my more serious Studies, read me Yesterday the following Translation. In this Town, where there are so many Women of professed Charms, I am very glad when I gain so much Time of Reflection from a Youth of a gay Turn, as is taken up in any Composition, that the Piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural Inclination. For it is a great Step towards gaining upon the Passions, that there is a Delicacy in the Choice of their Objects, and to turn the Imagination towards a Bride, rather than a Mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the Interests of Virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming Youth, which has been practised by some Moralists, to declaim against Pleasure in general: Only the way is to show, that the pleasurable Course in that wherein is united and governed by Reason. In this case Virtue is upon equal Terms with Vice, and has, with all the same Indulgences of Desire, the Advantage of Safety in Honour and Reputation. I have for this reason often thought of exercising my Pupils, of whom I have several of admirable Talents, upon Writing little Poems, or Epigrams, which in a Volume I would entitle the *Seeing Cupid*. These Compositions should be written on the little Advances made towards a young Lady of the tenderest Years, and all the Circumstances attended us in them, should have something that might please her Mind in its purest Innocence, as well as celebrate her Person in its highest Beauty. This Work would instruct a Woman to be a good Wife, all the while she is a Wooing her to be a Bride. Imagination and Reason should go hand in hand in a generous Amour, for when it is otherwise, real Discontent and Aversion in Marriage succeed the groundless and wild Promise of Imagination in Courtship.

The Court of *Venus* from *Claudian*, being Part of the *Epithalamium on Honorius* and *Maria*.

IN the fam'd Cyprian Bay a Mountain stands,
That casts a Shadow into distant Lands.
In vain Access by Human Foot is try'd,
It's lofty Summit, tho' it rear with wide Pride
On boisterous Nile, thro' seven wide Channels spread,
And sets all Precipice in his Queen's Bed.
Along it's Sides no wary Presses presume
To blast the Myrtle Shrubs, or nip the Bloom.
The Winds with caution sweep the rising Flow'rs,
While balmy Dews descend, and vernal Show'rs.
The ruling Queen no Wintry Horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' Indulgence of Eternal Spring.
Unfading Sweets in Purple Scenes appear,
And genial Breezes soften all the Year.
The nice, luxurious South unchy'd, may rove,
From Pleasures still encircling Pleasures move,
For endless Beauty kindles endless Love.

The Mountain, when the Summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a Plain;
Where the pleas'd Eye may flow'ry Meads behold
Enclos'd with branching Oar, and hedg'd with Gold.
Or where large Crops the gen'rous Globe supplies,
And yellow Harvests, unpenn'd, arise.
For by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming Soil
Yields ev'ry Grain, nor asks the Peasant's Toil.
These were the Bribes, the Price of Heav'nly Charms,
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's Arms.
For such a Bliss be such a Gift bestow'd,
The rich, th' immortal Labours of a God.

A Sylvan Scene, in solemn State display'd,
Flatters each feather'd Warbler with a Shade;
But here no Bird it's Painted Wings can move,
Unless elected by the Queen of Love.

Ev'r

(Price Two Pence.)

E'er made a Member of this tuneful Throng,
She hears the Songster, and approves the Song.
The joyous Victors hop from Spray to Spray,
The vanquish'd fly with mournful Notes away.

Breathes in Branches twin'd compose the Grove;
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into Love.
The trembling Palms their mutual Vows repeat,
And bending Poplars bending Poplars meet.
The distant Platanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing Alder, Alders sigh.
Blue Heav'ns above them smile, and all below
Two murm'ring Streams in wild Meanders flow.
This, mix'd with Gall, and that, like Honey, sweet,
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly Waters meet!
Steep'd in these Springs (if Verse Belief can gain)
The Darts of Love their double Pow'r attain:
Hence all Mankind a bitter Sweet have found,
A painful Pleasure, and a grateful Wound.

Along the grassie Banks in bright Array
Ten thousand little Loves their Wings display.
Quivers, and Bows their usual Sport proclaim,
Their Dress, their Stature, and their Looks the same:
Smiling in Innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the Nymphs, from whom they sprung.
For Venus did but boast one only Son,
And rosie Cupid was that boasted One.
He, uncontrol'd, thro' Heav'n extends his Sway,
And Gods, and Goddesses by turns obey:
Or if to Slaves on Earth, great Princes turn,
Sicken on Thrones, and wreath'd with Laurels mourn.
Th' inferior Pow'rs o'er Heaven inferior reign,
And pierce the vital Part, or bolmy Swain.

Here Love's imperial Pomp is spread around,
Voluptuous Liberty, that knows no Bound,
And sudden Storms of Wrath, which soon decline,
And midnight Watchings o'er the Fumes of Wine.
Unartful Tears, and beclink Looks, that show
With silent Eloquence, the Lover's Woe.
Boldness unfledg'd, and to stol'n Raptures new,
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue.
Fears, that delight, and anxious Doubts of Joy,
Which check our swelling Hopes, but not destroy:
And short-breath'd Vows, forgot, as soon as made,
On airy Pinions flutter thro' the Glade.
Youth, with a haughty Look, and gay Attire,
And rolling Eyes, that glow with soft Desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous Seat,
While sullen Cares, and wither'd Age retreat.

Now from afar the Palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend it's golden Rays;
But by Reflection of the Grove is seen
The Gold still vary'd by a waving Green.
For Vulcibet with secret Pride beheld,
How far his Skill all Human Wit excell'd;
And, grown uxorious, did the Work design
To speak the Artist, and the Art divine.
Proud Columns, tow'ring high, support the Frame,
That hewn from Hyacinthian Quarries came.
The Beams are Em'ralds, and yet scarce adorn
The Rubie Walls, on which themselves are born.
The Pavement, rich with Veins of Agate, lies,
And Steps, with shining Jaspers slipp'ry, rise.

Here Spices in Parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's Fields more Odours flow.
The wanton Winds thro' Groves of Cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd Fragrancies away.
Here, with its Load the mild Amomum bends,
There, Cinnamon in rival Sweets contends.
A rich Perfume the ravish'd Senses fills,
While from the weeping Tree the Balm distills.

At these delightful Bow'rs arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious Journey past:
Then shapes his Way to reach the Fronting-Gate,
Doubles his Majesty, and walks in State.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant Throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden Tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either Hand
Th' Idalian Sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial Essence one bestows in Show'rs,
And lavishly whole Streams of Nectar pours.
With Ivory Combs another's dext'rous Care,
Or curls, or opens the dishevel'd Hair.
A third, industrious with a nicer Eye,
Instructs the Ringlets, in what Form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the Wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet Negligence! by artful Study wrought,
A graceful Error, and a lovely Fault.
The Judgment of the Glass is here unknown,
Here Mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry Stone.
Where-e'er the Goddess turns, her Image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the Walls.
Now while she did her spotless Form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's Empire, and almighty Sway,
She spy'd her Son, and fir'd with eager Joy
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the Fav'rite Boy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Entertainment of the Duke D' Aumont.

At the great Room in St. Alban's-Street, where the Operas were rehearsed last Winter, this Day the 6th of August, Instant, will be perform'd an Extraordinary Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick. Note, This Consort was to be perform'd on Thursday the 13th Instant, but is deferr'd by His Grace the Duke D' Aumont to be perform'd the Day above mentioned without fail. His Grace the Duke of Ormond is expected. Tickets may be had at White's Chocolate-house in St. James's, at Smerner's in Pall-Mall; at the British Mrs. Rochford's, and Young-Man's Coffee houses. N. B. Tickets given out for the 30th of July last will be allow'd of. Beginning exactly at Six.

THE famous WATER THEATRE of the late Ingenious Mr. Winstanly, will be shown for 8 Days and no longer this Season, for the benefit of his Widow, Every Evening between 5 and 6 of the Clock, there are the greatest Curiosities in Water-works the like was never performed by any; and several new Additions will be shown this Evening suitable to the Month, and a new flying Dragon sailing out of his Mouth at the same time a large Stream of Water, with Fire and Perfumes. Boxes 2s. 6d. Pit 1s. First Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 6d. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly towards Hide-Park, and is known by a Windmill on the Top of it.

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